

"D O C T O R W H O"

SERIES 'Q' - EPISODE TWO - THE DIMENSIONS OF TIME

by GLYN JONES

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THE CAST

DOCTOR WHO
IAN CHESTERTON
BARBARA WRIGHT
VICKI

TOR
LOBOS
SITA
DAKO
MOROK MESSENGER
MOROK TECHNICIAN
MOROK GUARDS

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Our travellers pass through the Fourth
Dimension - and Doctor Who must change
the future

"DOCTOR WHO"

(SERIAL Q)

EPISODE TWO: "The Dimensions of Time"

by

Glyn Jones.

F.I. CAM

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

FROM PREVIOUS EPISODE

1. INT. SECOND ANTE ROOM. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE IMAGES
OF DOCTOR WHO, IAN, BARBARA,
AND VICKI.

AS WE WATCH THEY SLOWLY
DISAPPEAR, AND A BLANK WALL
REMAINS)

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Credit
Titles:

"THE DIMENSIONS OF TIME"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION FADES
AS WE:

CUT TO SHOW OUR TRAVELLERS,
AND SEE THEM FROZEN AS THEY
WERE IN THE FIRST TARDIS SCENE.

THEY RECOVER SLOWLY, COME
ROUND. THE FIRST THING
THEY NOTICE IS THE DISAPPEARANCE
OF THE GLASS CASES, THEY
STARE FASCINATED)

SUPOSE CAM

Author's
Caption:

"WRITTEN BY GLYN JONES"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION FADES)

BARBARA: They've gone...

(WE CLOSE IN ON DOCTOR WHO)

DOCTOR WHO: Yes, Barbara - and
we've arrived!

(WE HOLD ON THE DOCTOR'S
FACE MOMENTARILLY AND THEN:)

END OF REPEAT INSERT

2. INT. LABORATORY/OFFICE. DAY.

(WE ARE IN A LARGE LABORATORY
CUM CENTRAL CONTROL OFFICE
BELONGING TO THE MOROKS.

IT IS THE OFFICE OF THE
GOVERNOR OF XEROS, LOBOS:
PART OF SET OUT IN LABORATORY
FASHION.

THE MOROKS ARE A SOLDIER
GOVERNING RACE, SIMILIAR TO
THE ROMAN CIVILISATION.

THEIRS HAS BEEN A CONQUESTING
ERA, AND MANY PLANETS IN THE
GALAXY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT INTO
THEIR EMPIRES.

XEROS IS THE MUSEUM OF THIS
CIVILISATION, REPRESENTING
THEIR ADVANCE VICTORIES AND
ACHIEVMENTS.

HOWEVER, AS ROME DECLINED AND
THEIR GRIP ON THEIR COLONIES
BECAME WEAKER, SO IS THIS THE
SITUATION HERE.

THE MOROKS ENJOY THE SPOILS OF
THEIR ANCESTORS ON FAR AWAY
PLANETS AND THE MUSEUM ROTS,
AND IS PRACTICALLY FORGOTTEN.

THE MOROKS, DISCIPLINED, BUT
GONE SOFT ARE UNIFORMED AND
ARMY LIKE.

LOBOS IS A SUPERIOR, INTELLIGENT
MAN, MERELY FUFILLING A TERM
OF DUTY ON XEROS.

WE COME UP ON THE MOROK
TECHNICIAN IN THE LABORATORY
SECTION.

HE IS PREPARING OR REPAIRING
AN EXHIBIT FOR THE MUSEUM,
RESETTING IT ON ITS HOLDER.

WE WATCH HIM DO THIS THEN, AS
HE FINISHES, PAN WITH HIM AS
HE MOVES ACROSS TO LOBOS)

TECHNICIAN: Best I can do, sir.

(LOBOS NODS IN AN OFF HAND WAY.
SIGNIFYING THAT IT IS ACCEPTABLE)

It should be good for another
hundred years or so.

(LOBOS SHOWS A PASSING INTEREST)

LOBOS: What was wrong with it?

TECHNICIAN: The clasps had broken.
Rotted.

LOBOS: Huh - like everything on
this planet - including us.

(LOBOS STRETCHES WEARILY IN HIS
CHAIR, LEANING BACK, BORED)

I've got two more milliums before I
can go home. Yes - I say it often
enought but it's still two thousand
Xeron days. Sounds more in days...

(THE TECHNICIAN SEEMS TO BE
ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING)

I know - I volunteered - you were
ordered.

(LOBOS GETS UP, MOVES AROUND
THE ROOM)

LOBOS: If the truth was known I was just as bored on Morok, but it was home - youth never appreciates what it has. Here, I thought I'd find adventure excitement, oh, I don't know what I thought - it was too long ago. (cont...)

(LOBOS THINKS, IS ABOUT TO GO ON, THEN HE SHAKES HIS HEAD WRYLY)

LOBOS: (cont) What's the use? I'm here now - and reports have to be made.

(HE HAS MOVED BACK TO HIS DESK ON THE LAST SENTENCE. HE SMILES AGAIN)

Reports! That are probably never even opened, let alone read.

(LOBOS GETS BACK TO HIS PAPER WORK, THE TECHNICIAN WATCHES HIM A SECOND, THEN ASSUMING THE CONVERSATION IS AT AN END MOVES TO THE DOOR.

BEFORE HE GETS THERE IT BURSTS OPEN AND A MOROK SOLDIER, A MESSENGER, COMES INTO THE ROOM AND SALUTES.

LOBOS LOOKS UP, AND WITHOUT ANGER:)

I'm the Governor of this wretched planet - you're supposed to show respect - and knock.

MESSENGER: I'm sorry sir, the matter's urgent.

LOBOS: Nothing's so urgent that you can't knock on my door.

MESSENGER: A ship has landed...

(LOBOS FOR THE FIRST TIME SHOWS A FLICKER OF INTEREST)

LOBOS: From home? There was no advance notification.

MESSENGER: Not from Morok. Alien.

(LOBOS STANDS HEARING
SOMETHING OUT OF THE RUT,
HIS INTEREST IS CAUGHT)

LOBOS: Alien. Well, this will indeed be a red letter day for the Xeros calendar. Have the crew been detained?

MESSENGER: No sir, they left the ship - there are footprints, but there's no sign of them. We've been unable to gain entry into the craft - it is apparently unmanned at the moment.

(LOBOS AS HE LISTENS FLICKS
A SWITCH ON A SMALL CONTROL
UNIT ON HIS DESK)

LOBOS: Attention all Commanders. We are blessed with uninvited visitors....

(LOBOS LOOKS UP AT THE
MESSENGER)

How many?

MESSENGER: Unknown - but at least three...

LOBOS: (INTO INTERCOM)...
three or more. Organise a search,
and then detain them for
questioning.

(LOBOS FLICKS THE SWITCH
BACK AGAIN)

(TO HIMSELF) Visitors? (THEN UP)
We won't be the only ones looking
for them.

TECHNICIAN: The rebels?

LOBOS: (DERISIVE) Rebels? This local rabble? Children?

TECHNICIAN: Children grow up.

LOBOS: When they pose a danger we will destroy them. The problem will keep. Never-the-less they'll try and contact our visitors for help. I must remember to notify the Commanders to keep watch.

(LOBOS GETS UP, HE MOVES IN ON THE TECHNICIAN)

Aliens? (TO TECHNICIAN) We may even be able to add to the museum ourselves.

(THE TECHNICIAN AND LOBOS EXCHANGE GLANCES AS WE:)

3. INT. TOR'S ROOM. DAY.

(WE COME UP IN A SMALL DISUSED, DERELICT ROOM IN SOME DIFFERENT BUILDING. A SMALL CORNER SET.

SITA, AND DAKO, TWO XERONS, ARE WAITING. BOTH YOUNG, AROUND SIXTEEN, SEVENTEEN.

THEY WEAR SIMPLE COSTUME OF BOOTS, TROUSERS, AND BELTED TUNICS. THEIR HAIR IS LONG.

THE ROOM HAS BEEN TIDIED AND IS A PLACE WHERE THEY MEET AND PLAN THEIR REVOLUTION.

ODD EQUIPMENT THAT MAY HELP THIS CAUSE IS STACKED AROUND.

AS WE GO IN THEY BECOME ALERT, SOMEONE IS APPROACHING. TOR, THEIR LEADER, DRESSED AS THEY ARE AND OF SOME AGE MOVES EXCITEDLY INTO THE ROOM. THEY RELAX)

SITA: Tor - what's happened?

TOR: The Moroks have discovered a spaceship. It landed here.

DAKO: A ship? Where from?

TOR: Nobody knows. The crew left it - that I did hear. Don't you see? This could be our chance. They'll have weapons - weapons we can use against the Moroks.

SITA: If they agree to help us.

TOR: They will, Sita - when they hear our story.

DAKO: I thought you said the Moroks had found their ship. They'll search, find them first.

TOR: I don't think so - I met Olam and Seng, they were at the museum earlier they saw footprints outside - and the Moroks haven't seen those yet.

SITA: At the Museum? We'll never find them.

TOR: Come on, we've got to try.

(TOR LEADS SITA AND DAKO FROM THE ROOM AS WE:)

4. INT. SECOND ANTE ROOM. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON DOCTOR WHO, THINKING, STROKING HIS CHIN, AND PULL OUT AS HE TURNS TO IAN, BARBARA, AND VICKI.

BARBARA AND VICKI HAVE BEEN LIFTING OFF THE TOP OF ONE OF THE TOP OF ONE OF THE DISPLAY CASES)

VICKI: Hurry up, Ian - it's heavy.

(IAN REACHES IN HIS HAND AND PULLS OUT A SCIENCE FICTION TYPE OF RAY GUN. VICKI AND BARBARA REPLACE THE TOP OF THE CASE)

IAN: I wonder if it works?

(HE POINTS IT, TURNS HIS HEAD AWAY AS THOUGH EXPECTING AN EXPLOSION.

IAN FIRES THE TRIGGER AS DOCTOR WHO MOVES INTO STAND IN FRONT OF THE RAY GUN NOTHING HAPPENS.

IAN TURNS BACK, REACTS AT THE THOUGHT THAT HE COULD HAVE DISINTEGRATED DOCTOR WHO, IF IT HAD WORKED)

DOCTOR WHO: Chesterton, this is no time to be playing cowboys and indians.

IAN: I could have blown you to pieces.

DOCTOR WHO:: Nonsense, We've got a serious problem on our hands. What are you doing with it anyway?

IAN: I thought it would come in useful, Doctor. Who knows, we might be able to bluff our way out of here with this...

BARBARA: If we want to get out, Ian.

VICKI: Well we can't stay here, Barbara. Can we?

BARBARA: Vicki we've got to do whatever is going to keep us out of those cases

VICKI: I don't see that staying here would stop it.

BARBARA: We've got to break the chain of events that led up to it. Going out of here might be just what we're not supposed to do.

DOCTOR WHO: Barbara's right my dear. Walking out may change the future - or perhaps waiting to be taken out could. Which is it to be?

VICKI: Why don't we just go back to the Tardis, and leave here? Then we won't have to worry about being turned into dummies at all.

IAN: It's a good point, Doctor.

DOCTOR WHO: Yes and no. If we do escape we would never be quite sure if we really were free, or whether we are still bound by time, and events in time, which would lead us back here, and into those cases.

BARBARA: What's the alternative?

DOCTOR WHO: The alternative? Well, if we stay we might be able to shape future events to our own advantage, make sure we don't end up like that. Then we can safely leave. It's quite a problem, quite a problem.

(IAN, BARBARA AND VICKI
EXCHANGE GLANCES, THE DOCTOR
IS APPARENTLY CONSULTING
THEM)

IAN: Well?

VICKI: I think we should let the Doctor decide.

DOCTOR: Decide? My dear, spinning the coin would be more appropriate. (THINKS) What sort of people would put us on display, I wonder, mm?

BARBARA: (TO OTHERS) The Doctor's curious - that means we stay.

(IAN HAS LOOKED AT HIS SHIRT SLEEVE SUDDENLY)

IAN: I've lost a button - must have been getting this gun.

DOCTOR WHO: Lost a button, now that's interesting. Very interesting.

(DOCTOR WHO MOVES ACROSS EXAMINES IAN'S SLEEVE)

IAN: Doctor, you always seem to show the greatest interest over the least important things.

DOCTOR WHO: It's the least important things that sometimes lead to the greatest discoveries. Steam coming out of a kettle, eh? I was with him at the time. Oh, dear me what's his name?

BARBARA: Yes, that's right, Doctor. James Watt.

DOCTOR WHO: Mm? A little thing like losing a button, could change the future, don't you see? It's a pity, Chesterton, you didn't notice whether it was on your sleeve in the case, or not.

IAN: Yes, careless of me.

DOCTOR WHO: Well, don't let's waste time here talking. (BUSINESS LIKE) First things first. We'll leave the museum. Well, it's hardly a place for shaping futures, is it? Mm?

(THE DOCTOR MOVES TO THE DOOR, AND GOES THROUGH, FOLLOWED BY IAN, VICKI, AND BARBARA)

5. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(DOCTOR WHO LEADS THROUGH,
TURNS, ISN'T SURE WHICH WAY
TO GO, AND INDICATES TO
IAN:)

DOCTOR WHO: You lead, Chesterton.

IAN: Certainly, Doctor. Which
way? Any particular fancy?

DOCTOR: Yes - the way we came in!

IAN: Doctor - which way did
we come?

DOCTOR: Really, young man -
you've got a memory like a sieve.
We turn right, then left...

VICKI: No - we turned right when
we came in.

BARBARA: All these doors and
corridors are so much alike.

DOCTOR WHO: Yes, I'm forced to
agree.

IAN: Is this your way of
saying you're as lost as any of us?

DOCTOR WHO: (CONSIDERING, THEN)
Yes, I think it is. Let's take
Vicki's advice - we can always
retrace our steps...

(DOCTOR WHO WAVES, AND IAN,
SHRUGGING, AGREES. HE LEADS
OFF WITH THE RAY-GUN AND WE:

MIX TO DIFFERENT SECTION
OF CORRIDOR.

AFTER A FEW SECONDS IAN COMES
INTO FRAME. THEY ARE ALL
LOOKING ROUND, PUZZLED)

BARBARA: I don't remember this.

VICKI: I do.

IAN: (TEASING) You're just saying that because we took your advice.

VICKI: No I'm not. I remember that case being over there.

DOCTOR WHO: I think the child's correct. I have a distinct impression that we've been here before. Yes. Yes, of course I know where we are now!

IAN: Which way, then?

(THEN DOCTOR WHO LOSES HIS CONFIDENT LOOK AND GIVES A SIDE-LOOK AT VICKI)

VICKI: Straight ahead.

DOCTOR WHO: Of course it is. Straight ahead, Chesterton. Straight ahead!

(IAN REACTS AND LEADS OFF DOCTOR WHO, VICKI, AND BARBARA)

6. INT. LABORATORY/OFFICE. DAY.

(LOBOS IS WAITING IN HIS OFFICE, LEANING BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

THERE IS A BUZZER AND LEANS FORWARD, FLICKS THE SWITCH OF HIS INTERCOM)

LOBOS: Yes?

VOICE: Commander K. Division.
Alien spaceship in hand.

LOBOS: What news of the aliens?

(THERE IS A SILENCE)

Repeat - what news of the aliens?

VOICE: Footsteps were found
near the museum buildings. The
search is proceeding.

LOBOS: God! Find them!

(LOBOS FLICKS THE SWITCH
AND TAKES UP HIS OLD RELAXED
POSITION)

7. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(IAN, DOCTOR WHO, BARBARA
AND VICKI WANDER AIMLESSLY
ALONG THE CORRIDOR)

BARBARA: It's like a maze - is
a maze!

IAN: If we keep going we must
find an entrance eventually...

(IAN, MOVES OFF, FOLLOWED BY
BARBARA, DOCTOR WHO MOVES
UP, PAUSES)

DOCTOR WHO: Not so much talking -
we may be quite near, you never
know. And remember, we can be
now!

(JUST BEFORE DOCTOR WHO AND
VICKI MOVE OUT OF SHOT WE
CATCH A GLIMPSE OF TOR TURNING
INTO THE CORNER AT THE FAR
END. SITA AND DAKO WITH HIM.)

THEY HALT IN THEIR TRACKS
AND WE CUT UP TO JOIN THEM)

SITA: Must be them...

DAKO: And they're armed!

TOR: In here!

(TOR INDICATES A NEARBY DOOR,
AND THEY DUCK IN TO BE OUT
OF SIGHT:)

8. INT. SECOND ANTE-ROOM. DAY.

(WE ARE IN FACT IN THE SECOND
ANTE-ROOM, BUT, AS THEY ARE
NEAR THE DOOR IT CAN BE ANY
ROOM IN PRINCIPLE.

TOR KEEPS WATCH. SITA AND
DAKO ARE NEAR HIM)

TOR: I'll see which way they
go - then we'll try and cut them
off.

DAKO: They had a ray-gun, I
saw it.

TOR: That's no reason to
sound down-hearted - we were
hoping they would.

DAKO: That's all very well -
but how do we know they're friendly?
They might shoot us on sight.

(TOR LOOKS BACK IN, THINKS,
AND CONSIDERS THIS
POSSIBILITY)

TOR: We'll make contact
before we show ourselves.

SITA: How?

TOR: Capture either the old man, or the girl. We can explain, then let them introduce us to the others...

SITA: Yes - that's a good idea.

(TOR HAS LOOKED BACK OUT)

TOR: They've gone to the left. Come on, lets's get them.

(TOR, SITA AND DAKO DUCK OUT OF THE ROOM, AS THEY DO SO WE HOLD MOMENTARILY, AND THEN:)

9. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(IAN - WITH THE RAY-GUN HE TOOK FROM THE DISPLAY CASE - LEADS THE WAY DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

BARBARA AND VICKI FOLLOW UP, IN THE REAR OF DOCTOR WHO.

THEY ALL MOVE STEALTHILLY ALONG THE CORRIDOR, KEEPING A WARY EYE OPEN.

DOCTOR WHO PAUSES TO LOOK INTO A DISPLAY CASE, BECOMES INTERESTED, AND TAKES OUT HIS GLASSES TO HAVE A CLOSER LOOK.

THIS DOES NOT HOLD UP THE PARTY AS IAN HAS REACHED A CORRIDOR JUNCTION, OR CORNER, AND HOLDS UP HIS HAND FOR THEM ALL TO HALT.

IAN PEERS ROUND, IS SATISFIED THAT NOBODY IS THERE, AND:)

IAN: It's clear - come on.

(IAN MOVES FORWARD OUT OF
FRAME.

VICKI AND BARBARA, TOGETHER,
MOVE PAST DOCTOR WHO, AFTER IAN)

VICKI: Doctor:

DOCTOR WHO: Yes, all right, child.

(DOCTOR WHO STARTS TO MOVE
AWAY AFTER THEM, THEN HAS A
SUDDEN THOUGHT, AND TURNS
BACK TO THE DISPLAY CASE
FOR A FURTHER LOOK. HE NODS
TO HIMSELF, MUTTERS INAUDIBLY,
POCKETS HIS GLASSES AND IS
ABOUT TO MOVE OFF AFTER THE
OTHERS, WHEN A DOOR OPENS
QUIETLY BEHIND HIM.

AS DOCTOR WHO STARTS TO
MOVE OFF, HANDS REACH OUT
TO GRAB HIM, ONE ROUND THE
MOUTH SO HE IS UNABLE TO
CRY OUT. HE IS PULLED
INSIDE THE DOOR, AND THE
DOOR CLOSES.

WE MOMENTARILY HOLD THE
NOW EMPTY, SILENT CORRIDOR,
AND THEN:)

16. INT. FIRST ANTE-ROOM. DAY.

(WE ARE BACK IN THE FIRST
ANTE-ROOM, THE ROOM WITH
THE DALEK EXHIBITED.

DOCTOR WHO IS LYING ON
THE FLOOR, EYES CLOSED,
APPARENTLY UNCONSCIOUS.

TOR, SITA, AND DAKO, THE
THREE YOUNG XERONS WHO
HAVE KIDNAPPED HIM ARE
GROUPED AROUND STARING
DOWN AT DOCTOR WHO)

DAKO: You've killed him, Sita!

SITA: I couldn't have - I
hardly touched him, he must have
fainted.

(WE FAVOUR DOCTOR WHO ON
THE FLOOR. WE SEE HIM OPEN
ONE OF HIS EYES, TAKE A
QUICK LOOK ROUND, AND CLOSE IT
ABRUPTLY)

TOR: Shut up - both of you.
There's no time for arguments...

(TOR GIVES DOCTOR WHO A
PASSING EXAMINATION, THEN:)

Stay here and watch him, Dako - in
case he recovers.

DAKO: Me? Where are you going?

TOR: To try and find something
to bring him round! Don't worry,
we won't be long. Come on, Sita...

(TOR AND SITA MOVE TO THE
DOOR.

DAKO LOOKS DOWN AT DOCTOR
WHO, SOMEWHAT WARILY, AND
WE:)

11. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(TOR AND SITA LOOK OUT OF
THE ANTE-ROOM DOOR. THEN
SATISFIED THAT IT IS EMPTY
TOR INDICATES FOR SITA TO
FOLLOW.

THEY MOVE OUT, CLOSING THE
DOOR BEHIND THEM, AND GO
QUICKLY OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO DIFFERENT SECTION
OF THE CORRIDOR.

IAN, BARBARA AND VICKI ARE
LOOKING ABOUT THEMSELVES,
WORRIED LOOKS ON THEIR FACES)

BARBARA: Well, he was following
us!

IAN: I know that! But when
did he stop?

(IAN LOOKS AT BARBARA AND
VICKI IN TURN)

Well, didn't either of you hear
anything, or see...?

BARBARA: Oh come on, Ian - you
weren't that far in front. Don't
try and put all the blame on us.

IAN: Barbara. I'm not trying
to blame anybody!

BARBARA: Then don't let's get
irritable!

IAN: Who's getting irritable?
(PAUSE) Yes, all right, I am.

BARBARA: He was stopping to look
into some of the cases. We must
have left him behind.

IAN: He would have missed us,
and caught up by now.. Unless...
Well, he could have taken a wrong
turning.

(VICKI HAS BEEN CASTING
THOUGHTFUL LOOKS BACK DOWN
THE CORRIDOR)

VICKI: I think he's been captured.

IAN: Captured?

BARBARA: Who by, Vicki?

VICKI: I'm not sure. The people we saw I suppose.

BARBARA: Your just letting your imagination run away with itself.

IAN: Anyway, why only the Doctor? Why not all of us?

(VICKI SHRUGS AN "I DON'T KNOW")

BARBARA: What do we do now? Which is the way into the glass cases? Standing here? Going back? Or still trying to find our way out?

IAN: We can't keep worrying about that part of our future.

BARBARA: If we don't there may not be any other part, remember?

IAN: We've got to make up our minds to do something - I say, go on. If the Doctor is lost, he'll take the specific gravity, bisect the angle, measure the isosceles triangle, and be waiting at the front door when we get there.

(BARBARA AND VICKI THINK,
NOD, AGREEING IN PRINCIPLE)

BARBARA: Yes - all right.

IAN: Good. Let's try this way.

(THEY MOVE OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO A CLOSER SHOT OF THE DOOR EXTERIOR OF THE FIRST ANTE-ROOM. WE WAIT A SPLIT SECOND AND THEN SEE TOR AND SITA MOVE UP TO THE DOOR. TOR IS CARRYING SOME KIND OF WATER CONTAINER. THEY OPEN AND GO INSIDE THE DOOR AS WE:)

12. INT. FIRST ANTE-ROOM. DAY.

(TOR AND SITA COME THROUGH THE DOOR AND REACT IN SURPRISE. DAKO IS BOUND AND GAGGED ON THE FLOOR, AND THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE DOCTOR.

DAKO MAKES GRUNTING NOISES WHEN HE SEES HIS FRIENDS, AND THEN BEND DOWN TO RENDER ASSISTANCE. TAKING OFF HIS GAG FIRST.

AS THEY REMOVE HIS BONDS)

TOR: What happened?

DAKO: I don't know - I turned my back for a second, and the next I knew...

TOR: Was it the old man?

DAKO:: I don't know!

SITA: Did he go outside?

DAKO: I keep telling you, I didn't see anything! One minute silence, and the next minute - a whirlwind hit me!

TOR: He must have gone to join the others. We'll see if we can find them.

SITA: They're still armed.

TOR: We'll have to take our chance this time - otherwise the Moroks will get them first!

(DAKO IS RELEASED. HE GETS UP AS TOR GOES TO THE DOOR, LOOKS OUT)

Ready?

DAKO: I'm all right!

(TOR NODS, LEADS THE WAY SITA
AND DAKO FOLLOW HIM. THEY
EXIT. CLOSE THE DOOR.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS ROUND
THE NOW EMPTY ROOM AND ONTO
THE DALEK. WE HOLD ON THIS
THEN HEAR.

THE DOCTOR SPEAKING IN
DALEK VOICE)

DOCTOR: I-fooled-them-all! I-
am-the-master!

(SLOWLY THE DALEK TOP IS
LIFTED UP ENOUGH TO REVEAL
THE DOCTOR PEERING OUT. WE
GO IN CLOSE ON HIM, AS HE
CHUCKLES, VERY PLEASED WITH
HIMSELF)

13. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(WE SEE THE MUSEUM CORRIDOR.
IT IS EMPTY. THEN, TWO MOROK
GUARDS APPEAR AT THE FAR END
AND WALK TOWARD, LOOKING
ROUND, OPENING DOORS AND
LOOKING IN, PART OF THE SEARCH
PARTY.

WE WATCH THEIR PROGRESS
DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE
DOOR THAT THE DOCTOR IS GOING
TO COME OUT OF.

THEY REACH THE DOOR, ONE
OF THEM LEANS FORWARD TO OPEN
IT, WHEN IT STARTS TO OPEN OF
ITS OWN ACCORD. THEY JUMP
EACH SIDE OF IT AND WAIT RAY-GUNS
AT THE READY.

WE HEAR THE DOCTOR'S LAUGH
AGAIN, THEN FINALLY, THE
DOCTOR COMES OUT, CHUCKLING
TO HIMSELF. THE TWO MOROK
GUARDS STEP OUT OF THEIR

PLACES AND DOCTOR WHO'S
CHUCKLE DIES IN HIS THROAT,
HIS FACE TELLS US "THAT ALL
TEACH ME TO COUNT MY CHICKENS
BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED"

CUT TO: NEW ANGLE ON CORRIDOR.

AS WE WATCH IAN, BARBARA AND
VICKI COME INTO VIEW, WATCHFUL,
BUT TIRED. THEY TURN THE
CORNER HOPING TO SEE SOMETHING
THEY RECOGNISE BUT LOOK
DOWNHEARTED AS THEY SEE IT
IS THE SAME AS ALL OTHERS)

BARBARA: Ian, it's no good. I
can't go on. We're going round
and round in circles.

VICKI: How long have we been in
here?

IAN: No idea - I've lost all
count of time.

VICKI: It must be night by now.

BARBARA: That doesn't say much
for my temperature theory - unless
the heating's good in here.

(BARBARA AS SHE TALKS IS
TAKING OFF HER CARDIGAN. SHE
PUTS IN ACROSS HER ARM AND
FANS HIMSELF WITH HER HEAD.

IAN LOOKS TOWARDS HER AS
SHE SPEAKS AND HIS EYES LIGHT
ON HER CARDIGAN. HE TAKES
IT FROM HER WITH:)

IAN: The Minotaur!

BARBARA: Pardon?

IAN: The Minotaur!

VICKI: Where?

IAN: Don't you know your
mythology? When Theseus entered

IAN: (cont.) the Labyrinth
he took with him a ball of thread
so he could use it to retrace his
steps.

(AS IAN SPEAKS HE TAKES A PENKNIFE
FROM HIS POCKET AND OPENS IT)

BARBARA: We haven't just entered -
we've been here for hours!

IAN: It'll stop us going
round in circles.

(IAN STARTS TO PICK AT THE
CARDIGAN WITH THE PENKNIFE)

BARBARA: You might ask, Ian -
that was a good cardigan!

IAN: May I?

BARBARA: Yes - I suppose so.

VICKI: We'll leave a trail of
wool. If anyone sees it, Ian,
they'll be able to follow and
catch us.

IAN: If we don't find our way
out of here soon Vicki - we're
going to be caught anyway! Hey,
how do you unpick this?

VICKI: Give it to me...

(VICKI TAKES THE CARDIGAN
STARTS TO UNPICK IT. WE
CLOSE IN ON IT AND)

14. INT. PRISON CELL. DAY.

(THE CELL IS LIKE THE
INSIDE OF A BOX. THERE
APPEARS TO BE NO ENTRANCE
OR VENTILATION, AND, LIKE
THE OTHER ROOMS IN THE
MUSEUM, THE LIGHT SOURCE
IS NOT APPARENT.

DOCTOR WHO IS IMPRISONED
IN THE ROOM. HE GAZES
ROUND, INTERESTED? IT
CONTAINS NOTHING BUT ONE
ORNATE LOOKING CHAIR WITH
ARMS, SET ON A SLIGHT DAIS.

DOCTOR WHO STARTS TO FEEL
HIS WAY ROUND THE WALLS
LOOKING FOR THE DOORWAY
HE WAS PRESUMABLY PUSHED
THROUGH. HE FINDS THE
OUTLINE, BUT IS UNABLE
TO PUSH, OR PULL, IT
OPEN IN ANY WAY.

PUZZLED, STROKING HIS
CHIN, HE MOVES TO THE CENTRE
OF THE ROOM. NOTICES
THE CHAIR, AND CLIMBS UP
TO SIT IN IT. HE LEANS
BACK TO THE ARMS RESTING,
THEN, TURNING BACK TO
THE DOOR DECIDES HE MAY
AS WELL GIVE IT ANOTHER
TRY. HE GOES TO STAND UP
BUT CANNOT.

HE STRUGGLES AS HE REALISES
THAT HE IS FIRMLY TRAPPED
IN THE ARMCHAIR.

WE GET A FACIAL, WIDE-EYED
REACTION AT THIS TURN OF
EVENTS, FROM HIM, AND THEN

15. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE PLACE
WHERE WE SAW IAN, BARBARA,
AND VICKI. THEY HAVE GONE
BUT THE CAMERA CLOSES ONTO
THE WOOL STRAND, TIED ON
THE LEG OF ONE OF THE
DISPLAY CASES. THE WOOL
STRAND LEADS AWAY OUT OF
SIGHT.

WE WIDEN OUT AND ANGLE,
AND SEE TOR, SITA, AND
DAKO COME INTO VIEW; SITA
IMMEDIATELY SEE THE WOOL
AND HALTS THE OTHERS)

SITA: What's that?

(TOR MOVES FORWARD LOOKS
AT IT)

TOR: They're leaving a trail.

SITA: Why?

TOR: They must have missed
the old man - yes, this was put
here to follow them.

DAKO: No, I don't think so.
They would have come back -
looked for him.

TOR: Well whatever the reason
it is a trail - and trails are
meant to be followed!

(TOR MOVES OUT INDICATING
FOR THE OTHERS TO FOLLOW
HIM, AND AS THEY GO OUT
OF FRAME WE CUT TO:)

16. INT. PRISON CELL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS STILL SEATED
IN THE ARMCHAIR AND NOW
BEGINNING TO LOOK A LITTLE
WORRIED. SUDDENLY HE STARES
STRAIGHT AHEAD.

THE WALL IN FRONT OF HIM
HAS SPLIT DOWN THE CENTRE
AND THE TWO SECTIONS SLIDE
APART TO REVEAL LOBOS
SEATED BEHIND A TABLE
SMILING AT THE DOCTOR.
THE TABLE IS EMPTY BUT
FROM A CONTROL PANEL, AND
A TELEVISION MONITOR,
DRESSED FUTURISTICALLY, WITH
SCREEN FACING LOBOS)

LOBOS: Welcome to Xeros,
smallest planet in the Morok
Empire. What is your name?

(DOCTOR WHO DOES NOT ANSWER,
HE REMAINS TIGHT LIPPED
TAKING IN THE NEW SITUATION)

(SMILING) Very well, mine is
Lobos - Governor of this planet.

DOCTOR WHO: Curator of the
Museum seems a better title.

LOBOS: Ah, so you now chose
to speak. Good. Yes, Xeros
is a museum. A lasting memorial
to the achievements of the Morok
civilisation.

DOCTOR: Really? From my
observations it seems to be
arousing very little interest.

LOBOS: (SHRUGGING) People tire
of their heritage. Three hundred
milliums ago sightseers filled
the planet, marvelling at what
they saw. Now, well the
occasional space-ship from
Morok calls.

DOCTOR: Perhaps if you reduced
the price of admission... Mmm...?

LOBOS: (SMILING) So you have
a sense of humour too! Unfortunately
that isn't the reason. Our
civilisations rests on its laurels,
galactic conquests are a thing
of the past. Life, it is now
said, is purely to enjoy.

DOCTOR: The decline and fall of
The Roman Empire? - yes, it has
happened before, in galaxies far
beyond your reach.

LOBOS: Why do you come here?

DOCTOR: (SHRUGGING SLIGHTLY)
Exploration.

LOBOS: Ah, a scientist, like myself. It makes a change to have someone intelligent and inquiring to talk to. Where have you come from?

DOCTOR: Why?

LOBOS: You don't want to answer? Very well, I'll try another. Where are your companions?

(THE DOCTOR CHUCKLES QUIETLY. LOBOS LEANS FORWARD AND PRESSES A BUTTON ON THE TABLE. THE SCREEN IN FRONT OF HIM LIGHTS UP)

You will tell me. We can get all the information we require, without the need to resort to brute force. Your co-operation would have made things easier - but it is not essential. I will repeat the question. Where are your companions?

(THE DOCTOR SAYS NOTHING. LOBOS LOOKS AT THE SCREEN, THEN REACHES FORWARD TO ACTIVATE ANOTHER SWITCH)

Commander. B. Division.

VOICE: B. Division Commander here, sir.

LOBOS: Proceed immediately to Corridor 417. Detain three humans. One man, one woman, and a young girl.

VOICE: Message received and understood. It will be dealt with immediately.

(WE GET DOCTOR WHO'S REACTION AT THIS SUDDEN SHOW OF KNOWLEDGE FROM LOBOS.)

LOBOS NOTICES, AND TURNS
THE T.V. ROUND SO THAT BOTH
HE AND DOCTOR WHO CAN SEE
THE PICTURE)

LOBOS: A simple matter of
though selection. By asking
a question I plant an image in
your mind. No matter what you
say, so long as you are in that
chair, I will see your mental
pictures reflected.

(DURING THIS WE CUT TO
THE SCREEN, THEN ACTUAL,
AND SHOW)

17. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(WE SEE IAN, BARBARA AND
VICKI STANDING IN THEIR
POSITIONS WHERE THE DOCTOR
LAST SAW THEM, BEFORE BEING
DRAGGED IN, AND CAPTURED BY
TOR AND THE XERONS.

AFTER THIS WE CUT TO:)

18. INT. PRISON CELL. DAY.

(DOCTOR WHO IS STARING
DEFIANTLY AT THE SMILING,
CALM, LOBOS)

LOBOS: You see? It is quite
useless for you to lie. Shall
we return to the questioning?
How did you get here?

(ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN
APPEARS THE PICTURE OF A
PENNY-FARTHING. WE CUT
INTO SHOW THIS.

LOBOS FROWNS, THEN LOOKS
STARTLED - SHAKEN OUT OF HIS
SUPERIOR MANNER.

THE DOCTOR SMILES
QUIETLY TO HIMSELF,
OBVIOUSLY THOROUGHLY
ENJOYING THE SITUATION)

19. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(IAN, BARBARA, AND THEN
VICKI COME INTO SHOT PLAYING
OUT THE LAST OF THE WOOL
TAKEN FROM THE CARDIGAN)

IAN: Well - that's about
the lot.

BARBARA: It didn't work did it?

IAN: At least we didn't
back-track.

VICKI: Why don't they put up
exit signs like they do in
ordinary museums?

BARBARA: We're obviously going
to be lost in here until... Oh,
maybe, the Doctor is wrong. Perhaps
you can't change the future.

VICKI: Don't say that, Barbara -
I don't want such an awful thing
to happen.

BARBARA: I don't want it to happen
either. But we can't just walk
around for ever hoping we won't
be discovered. And where's the
Doctor?

(IAN HAS MOVED OUT DURING
THESE LAST FEW SENTENCES.
HE MOVES BACK IN WITH:)

IAN: So it didn't work, eh?
Come and see what I've found.

(THEY FOLLOW IAN AND WE
TRACK WITH THEM. THEN,
IAN POINTS OFF. WE DO
NOT SEE THEIR EYELINE)

Doors:

(BARBARA AND VICKI, LOOK
AS PLEASED AS IAN. THEY
MOVE FORWARD OUT OF FRAME,
AND WE:

CUT TO CLOSED DOUBLE DOORS
SET ACROSS CORRIDOR. WE DO
NOT SEE WHAT IS OUT THERE
BUT WE CAN HEAR LOUD CROWD
NOISES, PEOPLE TALKING, ETC.

THEN THE DOORS OPEN AND
WE SEE FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY
IAN, BARBARA AND VICKI. THEY
LOOKED SHOCKED AT WHAT THEY
ARE SEEING)

VICKI: The Tardis. They've
got the Tardis!

(WE HOLD ON THEIR DESPAIRING
LOOKS MOMENTARILY, AND THEN
CUT TO:)

20. INT. PRISON CELL. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON LOBOS,
NOW LOOKING ANGRIER
AND ANGRIER, AND WIDEN
TO SEE A CALM
DOCTOR, THOROUGHLY
ENJOYING THE
SITUATION)

DOCTOR WHO: Well? No more
questions?

(LOBOS GLARES,
THEN DETERMINEDLY
SWINGS ROUND ON THE
DOCTOR. HE IS
HAVING ONE LAST EFFORT
TO CATCH THE
DOCTOR'S MIND
OFF GUARD)